

**MRS. HELENA BLAV,**

Young Milwaukee Society Woman.

**T**HEN thousands cured women have written to tell how Wine of Cardui has restored the blessing of health to every woman who takes it, rich and poor alike. Mrs. Helena Blav, No. 123 Seventh Street, Milwaukee, Wis., is one of the young women whom Wine of Cardui has rescued from a life of suffering. She writes:



Mrs. Helena Blav.

"Wine of Cardui is certainly 'worn out' women's best friend and I am pleased to give my experience with it. A few months ago I caught a severe cold, having been out in inclement weather, which settled all over me, particularly in the abdomen. I was in almost constant pain. I consulted a physician and took his medicine for a month and without any relief. I then decided I would try your medicine and it was a lucky day for me when I did so. I noticed a change in a few days and felt encouraged to continue taking Wine of Cardui, and my patience was rewarded, for in two weeks my pains had left me and I felt like a new woman."

The woman who has suffered from female weakness should do nothing within reason to secure health. Wine of Cardui is the medicine that appeals to reasonable women—women who hold operations and cutting in horror—women who know that Nature is the best physician. Wine of Cardui gives women back their health by giving Nature a chance to build up the wasted and diseased tissue. Wine of Cardui regulates the menstrual flow and Nature, when relieved of the drains or of the poisons in the system, makes the functional organs strong and healthy again. Any woman who is silently suffering untold pains because she is too sensitive to undergo a physician's examination and treatment can find no excuse for not securing relief when Wine of Cardui is offered to her. There is no publicity to deter her. She can take Wine of Cardui in the privacy of her home, with as much assurance of a final cure as though a dozen doctors recommended it. Many physicians do recommend Wine of Cardui to their patients. Why not get a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today?

**WINE of CARDUI**

A million suffering women have found relief in Wine of Cardui.

**Chained in a Steel Cage**

I have broken out of a state prison in Germany; I've broken out of an asylum there; I'll break out a third time, and you'll see me back here within two years!" exclaimed William Frederick Ignatz Schoo yesterday morning to officers of the steamer Puget Bleucher, who had gone to look at him in a special steel cage placed aboard for his accommodation. His hands and feet were chained to rivets in the cage, and there were two German police officials to guard him, so that there would be no immediate danger that he would put into execution his threat to break his bonds.

Schoo is believed to be one of the most desperate criminals ever sent out of this country. He terrorized the inmates of Ludlow street jail during his short stay there, whipping several prisoners and nearly killing one of the keepers, until it was found necessary to keep him in solitary confinement. His final exploit consisted in attacking the deputy United States marshals who were trying to take him from the Hamburg-American steamship pier. He was subdued after a fierce battle and the interior of the carriage in which he was taken was wrecked.

"I have been nearly blinded by men who used red pepper," said Deputy Marshal Frederick Bernard yesterday afternoon at his home, 247 Avenue A. "I have been stabbed several times, but in my long experience I have never had to handle so dangerous a man."

Marshal Bernard was assigned to take Schoo to the steamer and there to turn him over to Police Commissioner Hirsch and his assistant, Hanson, who had come here from Hamburg. Accompanied by Deputy Marshals Gardiner and Anker, he went to the jail in a coach at 6:30 o'clock. Schoo had not been notified that he would be removed yesterday, as the keepers believed that it would be easier to handle him if they took him unawares.

He knew that there was something on hand when he was awakened at the unusually early hour, and he resisted attempts to lead him toward the door. When he reached the front of the jail building he was handcuffed to Gardiner and Anker, one of his wrists being fastened to that of each of the marshals. They entered the coach and Bernard took a seat by the side of the driver on the box.

For a few blocks all was quiet within. Then Gardiner gave a shriek. "He is breaking my arm!" he yelled. "Help, help!"

With his strong right arm Schoo had given a wrench which nearly broke the left wrist of the marshal. Gardiner pleaded with his associates to turn back and to go to the jail, so that he could have the handcuffs removed. He writhed with pain. Bernard jumped down from the box and put his face in at the open window. The struggling prisoner kicked at him viciously, lashing his foot on the marshal's breast. Bernard staggered back and fell on the pavement. He was badly jarred by his fall. He jumped up, pointed his revolver at Schoo and yelled: "I'll shoot you down like a dog unless you stop."

The carriage was then in Bleeker street, near Mulberry, and Marshal Bernard decided to go to police headquarters to apply for additional help to subdue his prisoner. He went inside while two policemen remained by the coach to aid the marshals in subduing Schoo. The sergeant at the desk said he had no authority to assign any detectives to go with the United States marshals, and Bernard was turning away when a detective sergeant volunteered his services.

There was no attempt to temporize on the part of the detective. Pulling his revolver, he pressed the barrel against Schoo's head and swore that he would blow out his brains unless he remained perfectly quiet. This attitude calmed Schoo, who lay back, panting. The journey to Hoboken proceeded.

**DR. LYON'S French Periodical Drops**

Strictly vegetable, perfectly harmless, sure to accomplish DESIRED RESULTS. Greatest known female remedy. Price, \$1.50 per bottle.

CAUTION Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine is put up only in past-board Cartons with the genuine signature on side of the bottle, thus: DR. LYON'S FRENCH PERIODICAL DROPS. For sale only by BEN L. BEAR, up-to-date druggist, Phoenix.

"FOLLOW THE FLAG."

Leave Chicago Mondays, 11 a. m.; arrive Boston Tuesdays, 5:20 p. m.; leave Chicago Thursdays, 11 a. m.; arrive Boston Fridays, 5:20 p. m.; leave Kansas City Fridays, 9:20 p. m.; arrive St. Paul Saturdays, 7:20 p. m. For further particulars consult your agent or address

ROSS C. CLINE, P. C. P. Agt., Los Angeles.

an extermination of the race is threatened.

In Ohio a law has recently been passed to stop the sale of cocaine, morphine, etc., except upon a physician's prescription. The victims of the habit in Cincinnati are said to be thousands.

In Kentucky the state board of pharmacy has determined to stamp out the abuse. The number of holders of the license in Kentucky is estimated at 500. In Pennsylvania the only condition imposed upon druggists is that the person buying "poisons" shall sign his name in a book stating by whom and for what purpose the drug is to be used; of course that is no restriction whatever. It is announced by American Medicine in a recent article on the subject that the profession, and especially the state boards of health, shall seriously concern themselves with some method of abolishing the pernicious abuse. The "cough syrups" and "soothing syrups" contain morphine or cocaine and "cures" for the habitual use of cocaine and morphine generally contain these drugs themselves.

"Their sale," says Medicine, "be interdicted by law, except upon prescription; the ingredients should at least be stated upon each package. Dr. Bumgardner (Colorado State Medical Society, 1902) states that a two-ounce bottle of 'Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup' contains one-half grain of morphine sulphate, and each ounce of Dr. Bull's cough syrup contains more than one fourth of a grain. He also says that certain 'consumption cures' are now put up in small bottles, because not being a permanent mixture, the last dose from the larger bottles sometimes killed the patient, but that the last dose from the smaller bottle would contain too little morphine and cannabis to prove fatal. And this atrocious method of making money by inducing disease and death is permitted and protected by a civilized government. Worse than this, the government sanctions, and by its copyright laws alone, permits, the sale of such a defective and dangerous preparation which it then must support in hospitals and asylums."

**HOW TO PREVENT CROUP.**

It will be good news to the mothers of small children to learn that croup can be prevented. The first sign of croup is hoarseness. A day or two before the attack the child becomes hoarse. This is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the rough cough appears, and it will dispel all symptoms of croup. In this case, however, the remedy may be used in a much larger quantity than in the case of a child. It is, in fact, the only remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Elvey & Hulett, Druggists.

After two or three banquets whereat the menu stretched out through numerous finger lengths of many syllabled French words. It must gratify the sense of delight in contrast for the president to sit down to a dinner of bear paws, possums and sweet potatoes in the Mississippi wilderness. A French cook may juggle beef and mutton into unrecognizable but tempting forms, but he cannot imitate the wild-woody tang of game that has fed on what nature in the wastes provides. Sometimes, of course, the "tang" that attaches itself to a bear and exhales itself persistently from its steaks and spareribs after death is too "tangy," or, as one might say, tangible. Some bears do not seem to have sought to make a pleasing impression after death. They have no more regard for their fellow creatures on this earth than the mild-eyed, Jersey cow that lingers over the wild apple in her pasture. A bear that wishes to be thought well of will so live that when he comes to pass away his memory will not be excoriated by those who assisted him to escape from this earthly frame. We have no direct information from Smedee concerning the character of the bear that furnished paws for the president's Sunday dinner, but we may trust something to the proverbial good luck of the best.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

**A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.**

"I have noticed that the sale on Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets is almost invariably to those who have once used them," says Mr. J. J. Weber, a prominent druggist of Cascade, Iowa. "What better recommendation could any medicine have than for people to call for it when again in need of such a remedy? Try them then when you are full after eating, when you have a bad taste in your mouth, feel bilious, have no appetite or when troubled with constipation, you are certain to be delighted with the prompt relief which they afford. For sale by Elvey & Hulett, Druggists."

**AMERICAN PIE AND KIPLING.**

Goldsmith rhymed of the gooseberry pie. Whittier found a theme in the pastry laden with golden pumpkin. Rudyard Kipling, the strenuous poet, dotes on apple pie of the American brand—the kind his American mother-in-law makes—and has sent to New York for a glass rolling pin that the crust may be rolled in England as he remembers it here. "Simplicity talks of pies." But so does genius, whether it be for art or various commerce. P. T. Barnum, the noblest showman of them all, not only talked pies, but ate them and had never a dyspeptic day of repentance. Therefore, the eager critics who will claim to see reflected in Mr. Kipling's glass rolling pin the signs of his passing in poetry and potency will read the reflections wrong. The ready Rudyard will confuse them yet with a lusty ballad of the pastry cook.

The American taste for pie came from England by way of the Pilgrim fathers. It is a matter of poetic justice that Mr. Kipling has taken it back to Britain in its now highly cultivated state. If he eats his fruited crust for breakfast he will only follow a practice which he must have observed in New England and which rumor lately declared to be threatening faddish fashionable circles in the country at large. But however and whenever he consumes his pet pastry, Mr. Kipling is sure of his best wishes for great joy in his glass rolling pin from the pie eaters

**MEN'S DISEASES**

I cure all private diseases of men promptly and permanently, and by the painless methods that cannot bring other than perfect results.

DR. O. C. JOSLEN.  
The Leading Specialist.  
Write Me About Your Case.

I promise my patients a complete cure in every instance, and in cases where I cannot safely make this promise, I positively refuse to treat. 16 years of successful practice as a specialist in men's ailments assure my claim of "The Leading Specialist."

**WEAKNESS**

Functional weakness in men is not a nervous disorder, but is a result of troubles purely local. Successful treatment calls for utmost skill and the most delicate prescribing. I employ no electrical or mechanical contrivances, nor do I excite activity by the use of stimulants or tonics. I treat by a local process such as no other physician employs, and one that never fails to restore the full degree of strength and vigor.

**Contracted Disorders**

Through my long experience treating the different contracted diseases of men, I have devised methods that not only cure soundly and permanently, but cure in less time by far than the best of other treatments require. Do not risk your health and I can treat successfully at a distance, but of course a personal examination is wise when the matter is serious.

I also treat varicose veins, stricture, gonorrhea, syphilis, gonorrhea, piles and other ailments of men, and so rarely do I fail to effect a speedy, thorough and lasting cure, that my methods may be considered perfect. I succeed in permanently curing more cases than any other physician in the west can even partially relieve.

**Consultation and Advice free**

You are at liberty to call upon me in person for consultation or to write regarding your case. My knowledge of men's private diseases, such as I can treat successfully at a distance, but of course a personal examination is wise when the matter is serious.

I will gladly render such assistance and advice as your case may require, and I can treat successfully at a distance, but of course a personal examination is wise when the matter is serious.

Dr. O. C. JOSLEN.  
Cor. Third and Main Streets,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

of New York—especially from the half million who attend daily to a factory output of 200,000 round plates of temptation.—New York World.

**BETTER THAN A PLASTER.**

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on the affected parts, is better than a plaster for a lame back and for pains in the side or chest. Pain Balm has no superior as a liniment for the relief of deep seated, muscular and rheumatic pains. For sale by Elvey & Hulett, Druggists.

**A "CHILD OF NATURE"**

Gustav Nagel, the well known "child of nature," writes the Paris Messenger correspondent from Berlin, has arrived at Wilhelmshofe, near Cassel, and can be seen daily walking about clothed in a bathing costume.

He carries a bag, which contains his provisions, consisting of apples and nuts. He intends having himself examined by a doctor to prove that he is not insane and to free himself from the guardianship under which he has been placed.

When he has attained his wish he thinks of going to Italy and Palestine, which countries are more suitable for persons who tramp the woods in a naked condition and spend their nights in trees.

**HE FOUND A CURE.**

R. H. Foster, 318 S. 2nd Street, Salt Lake City, writes: "I have been bothered with dyspepsia or indigestion for 21 years, have tried many doctors without relief, but I have found a cure in Chamberlain's Tablets. I can tell you, my friends, who are afflicted that way, and it is curing them, too. 50c at Elvey & Hulett, Druggists."

Dr. Dedrick tells a weird tale of his quarrel with Perry in the Arctic and makes strange charges against the famous explorer, but nobody can guess what the row was about or who started it. Some exaggerated personal sensitiveness, due to conditions of life in the Arctic, probably was the original cause of trouble, and what would have been a tepid tempest elsewhere developed into irreconcilable conflict. Dr. Dedrick's explanation does not explain, and unless Perry sees fit to make a coherent statement and clear up the mystery the affair will be regarded by most persons as nothing more than another exhibition of that crankiness, which seems to be common among Arctic explorers.—Philadelphia North American.

**INDIGESTION**

Is the cause of more discomfort than any other ailment. If you eat the things that you want, and that are good for you, you are distressed. Acknowledged Tablets will make your digestion perfect and prevent dyspepsia and its attendant disagreeable symptoms. You can safely eat anything at any time, if you take one of these tablets afterwards. Sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee. 25 cents. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. Send to us for a free sample. W. H. Hooker & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. T. F. Hudson pharmacy.

**AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.**

How Pope and Swinburne Would Have Written "Jack and Jill."

The Pegasus club a constellation of local literary lights, will have a momentous question to solve when it meets in the University club tomorrow night.

The theme for discussion will be "How Would Poe, Pope, Swinburne and Whitman Have Written 'Jack and Jill' if the Mighty Pens of These Men Had Been Directed to the Subject?"

Inasmuch as none of the poets mentioned can be present to speak for himself, the members of the club will submit vicarious verses. Dr. S. Solis Cohen, the president, is expected to assume the dual role of Whitman and Poe. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has laid aside "Watson's Annals" and the medical reports to create a vacuum in his mind for the muses of Swinburne and Poe.

After careful consideration Dr. Mitchell is convinced that Swinburne would have hit off "Jack and Jill" after this fashion:

There lived a Jack in the days of old  
By the foot of a green and gracious hill:  
And in all the ken of that lover bold  
The shone no woman so fair as Jill.  
Together they climbed to the summit  
fair,  
And, kissing her then on her eyes and hair,  
Together they fell; alas Jack! alack!  
Jill.

Poe, he thinks, would have handled the subject thus:

Once upon a morning cheery  
Little Jack was rather leary,  
While, with Jill, he lugged a bucket  
Full of water on a hill.  
Suddenly they stopped their slipping,  
On account of young Jack's slipping—  
Spilled the water—got a chill.

Reginald Wright Knapp, author of "The Things That Are Caesars," etc., is morally certain that Whitman could not have regarded "Jack and Jill" in any other light than this:

Of Jill, the fleet-limbed daughter of the miller;  
Splendid, dark-eyed, supple—  
Divine, too, even as you are and I,  
Wait, am divine,  
Aye, and of Jack, too!  
He, the bold urchin, filling  
His pail with water from the spring.  
Had eyes for her only—eyes  
Only for the maiden  
At his side—and none  
For the little banana  
Peel in the path.  
Alas! he fell!  
And what of Jill? She fell also!

Harrison S. Morris, editor of Lippincott's Magazine, will speak for Pope. He believes that Pope would have spun a web of delicious uncertainty about the epic—not so thick a veil perhaps as Browning would have deemed essential to good poetry, but just thick enough to make people guess what he meant. Mr. Morris wrote the following:

Forsaken Chloris in the woodland shade,  
Jack erstwhile sought another, fairer maid.  
One Jill, who lingered by a bubbling stream  
Upon a hilltop, many-flowered green.  
Jill bade him fill for her a rustic pail,  
And then together they would seek the vale.  
He filled, they started—saw the tale to tell!  
Half-way descended, down the rest they fell.  
—Philadelphia North American.

**COUGHING SPELL CAUSED DEATH**

"Harry Duckwell, aged 25 years, choked to death early yesterday morning at his home, in the presence of his wife and child. He contracted a slight cold a few days ago and paid but little attention to it. Yesterday morning he was seized with a fit of coughing which continued for some time. His wife sent for a physician but before he could arrive, another coughing spell came on and Duckwell died from suffocation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Dec. 1, 1901."

Ballard's Horehound Syrup would have saved him. 50c, 50c and \$1.00 at Elvey & Hulett, Druggists.

Grand Rapids, Wis., has probably the cheapest telephone service on our side of the water, from what The Outlook has heard. It is a co-operative affair, and 25 cents a month for residences and \$1.50 for business places is the average charge after the dividends are set off against the expenses. As an instructive contrast to the grasp of monopolies upon the large cities the Grand Rapids Telephone company re-opens study. The private monopoly which existed in Grand Rapids when the new system was started offered to put in new instruments, rent free for three years, in order to crush its infant rival. Local patriotism, however, looked beyond the present, and the free telephones were declined almost unanimously. The private company retired forthwith from the town, and the co-operative company now controls the situation. No one is allowed to buy more than one share of stock for each instrument actually used, and thus the control of affairs can never be taken from the individual members.

**WESTERN SOCIETY PRAISED.**

"Society in the middle west is almost wholly without snobishness," says Booth Tarkington. "Now and then there becomes apparent a struggle to enter it on the part of some one outside of it; but because access is so simple, the fact that a struggle is necessary nearly always creates in itself a perpetual disqualification. It is a society exceedingly friendly to the newcomer; very ready to receive him on his own merits; it has no feeling of its own insecurity to make it snub him because it does not know who he was before he came. And while the visitor will be asked many questions about his acquaintances in other cities, he will not be asked if he has met the 'Rock-movers of Germantown,' in order to discover if he 'knew the right people.' The questions are put in a hopeful way, with the hospitable wish to find mutual friends of whom to talk, and to bring the visitor and native into closer touch."

"There is a natural drawing together and interdependence, of course, among the people who form the nucleus of this society; whose fathers and grand-

fathers have been friends, watching the town grow from a village in the 40s to a city of importance in the twentieth century, and although there is a small complacency among the families that were here 'from the first,' it amounts mainly to greater familiarity with each other, as among relatives. Conditions are all the happier for the absence of the pond turtle who condescends to the newcomer because his relatives have been a long time in the same pond. Here and there may be an individual who takes to himself some credit that his family have achieved distinction or continued in respectability through several generations, but he does not push the claim, because he lives among people who would laugh less at the arrogant strut of new wealth than at a claim of privilege for 'high birth,' because (the people would feel) to be tainted with the former means at least that you are proud of something you yourself have accomplished; to possess the latter means that you are in the ludicrous attitude of being proud of yourself because of something that somebody else did.

"The members of this society live on terms of singular intimacy with one another, almost as in a village, meeting often, and rarely passing each other on the street without pausing for more than a greeting. When the warm weather begins one has only to stroll or drive about certain pleasant portions of the city during the early evening to see nearly all his friends, who will be lounging each on his lawn, or comfortably taking the air on the broad porches, and the older inhabitants easily remember every person of respect and acquaintance in town. Such intimacy, of course, entails an amusingly large quantity of amazingly small gossip."—Harper's Monthly.

**A STRANGE ACCIDENT.**

That small acts sometimes produce great effects is exemplified, says the Paris correspondent of the London Express, by the strange case of M. Reichart, a gentleman of means, residing in the Rue de la Pompe.

While playing billiards one evening recently in his house, M. Reichart hit a ball so hard that it bounded from the table and through an open window, falling through the glass roof of a drawing room in the next house, and smashing a valuable Sevres vase.

The crash so alarmed an Anscom cat sleeping on the table close by that the animal sprang up and knocked over a lamp, which set fire to some tapestry and necessitated the calling of the brigade, causing a great deal of damage by water.

M. Reichart was engaged to the niece of the invalid lady occupying the house in which the damage was caused. The commotion, however, had so disastrous effect on the old lady's nerves that she died shortly afterward.

On learning the indirect cause of her aunt's death the young lady refused to marry M. Reichart, and the heirs are now suing him for damage done.

A woman gets more fun out of planning things that never come off than a man does in enjoying those that do.—New York Press.

**BE A MAN AMONG MEN**

Are You the Man You Ought to Be? Are You as Strong as You Look? Have You Weak Nerves, Failing or Lost Vital Power, Waste of Strength, Varicose Veins, Poor Memory, Bile and Stomach Feelings, Lost Ambition, Weak Back and a General Breaking Down of your strength.

HAVE YOU DOCTORED WITHOUT benefit? Is your stomach ruined from drugs and your money wasted? Are you tired trying useless remedies? Then come to me. I have a positive and certain cure for you in my "Belt." You put it on when you go to bed and sleep peacefully under the influence of its warming, vitalizing power. You awake full of ambition, with a healthy desire to tackle your day's work. Each day you gain new life from it, and soon begin to feel yourself a man among men. Each symptom of your trouble gradually disappears, strength takes the place of weakness and your life is made happy by the restoration of your old health and vigor. 511 1/2 Broderick Street, San Francisco, Cal. May 8, 1902.

DR. M. A. McLAUGHLIN—Dear Sir: Over a year ago I purchased one of your Belts having suffered for years previous to that from rheumatism, indigestion and nervousness, and for which I had tried doctors and medicines without number, without obtaining the slightest relief. After wearing your belt but a short time I began to see an improvement, and it was not long before every symptom of my old trouble had disappeared. I take pleasure in recommending the Belt whenever opportunity presents itself. I am eighty-one years old, have a good appetite, sleep well and have gained in weight since wearing your wonderful Belt. Yours respectfully, G. E. BRINTAN.

Call and see what a fine piece of mechanism is and what power it has. If you can't call send for my book about it, free to you if you send this ad.

Dr. M. C. McLaughlin

129 S. Spring street, Los Angeles.

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For All Points Between Portland, Ore., and New Orleans, Louisiana.

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